

14
Fools have Fortune: Or, A Guinea gave for an Oyster.

BEING
GOGMAGOG's Confession.

With an Exact Copy of the Letter of License granted to
the Whimsical Lawyer of Chancery-Lane.

Written by W. S. a Brother of the Quill.

SINCE true Content doth such a Treasure bring,
To make a Beggar richer than a King,
We'll rest contented with great Gogmagog;
Forgive him Crimes more Swinish than a Hog.
If Truth he'd acted, for it he might die,
But he, like Coward, gives himself the Lye,
Falls on his Knees, and Pardon loud does cry.
Quoth he, A Whim, a Whim, a Whim, indeed,
Upon you all I writ, my Heart doth bleed;
Of Lyes it was indeed almost compounded,
For which, I hear, you have my Actions founded.
The Painter's drawn 'em, that brave Son of Mars,
So he'd not show 'em, I wou'd kiss his A—se.
Unto you all I plainly now do say,
Give me but Time, I all my Debts will pay;
So you'll but promise that escape I shall.
B—well, the P—ry, or Prison Wall.
For since you've heard of Yorkshire, Oyster Wh—re,
My Back doth Itch, that Plaister makes me sore.
I rail'd against that Heroe, Alexander,
Tho' Innocent, in Courage my Commander.
What was I Drunk! Sure vile Incontinence
Had quite bereft me of my little Sense?
Methinks I acted nothing like a Man,
When Hair-brain'd like into the C—ch I ran.
But like to Hogan, Mogan, or Mahomet,
Investively against them turn false Prophet.
Three Cowards all, said I, not one will fight,
Not one that dares appear within my sight,
For to maintain their injured Ladies Right.

But to my Sorrow now, alas! I find
I am mistaken, Fate has prov'd unkind.
Had *Hope* no Haven for his Bark to ride,
Then still in Streams of Sorrow must I glide.
As for Fair *Guilderoy*; be't to my Shame,
I rudely did make mention of her Name:
I beg her Pardon on my bended Knuckles,
With humble Heart I'll freely kiss her Buckles.
For to the World, if I the Truth may tell,
I lik'd Fair *Guilderoy* exceeding well.
With free Confession to you I declare,
That since I lov'd her 'tis above a Year;
Before that she did many *Wire-Draw*,
For her I could have met a Dragon's Paw.
Although with Ruffles and Sword, *nice* stuck on,
By her refus'd, tho' like a *Beaugarzon*.
Oh Miracle! Superlative; I think,
That such a *Beau* shou'd with the Ladies stink.
Oh! fetch a Cordial, or some Chocolate!
I sink! Cry help, none stirs, Oh my sad Fate!
Sad Fate! that I shou'd head-long thus run in
To Misery; and all too for a *Whim*.
Oh! where's *Orestes*, with his Frantick Fits?
Or mad *Orlando*, quite depriv'd of Wits?
View well one's Actions, t'other's Melancholy,
They cannot Vie with this my *Whim-like Folly*.

The next that I do own to whom I'm Debtor,
Is he that gain'd the Prize by Word and Letter.
What Charms shall I now use? What pleasing Stile
Shall I express to him, to gain a Smile.
From him? I'll call him *Lord*, or *Honour*, or *his Grace*,
Or hold the Napkin while he wash his Face.

The next I rail'd against was *GOLDEN HAIR*,
Although no reason for't I vow and swear;
But only 'cause it was our long Vacation,
I put her in to make up my Oration,
For which I'm sorry in this Recantation.
(Had they not heard of *Yorkshire*, *Oyster W—re*,
They shou'd have stunk worse than a Common Sewer.)
A Ditch I digg'd, set one in't to the Chin,
They've help'd him out, and fairly thrust me in.
(Sure there was in my Brains nothing but *Snuff*,
When I began to write my *Whim-like Stuff*.)
Alas, poor Vassal, the Proverb I forgot,
That Truth will gain the Day, when Lyes will not.



7
3

The next I catch'd at was the Man in Buff,
 Him I Redicul'd, and did at him Huff.
 He being Cunning did my Pulses feel;
 Disarmed me, and took away my Steel:
 Upon my Knees I begg'd his Pardon strait,
 He looking stern, said, he would break my Pate:
 My Wits at work, a Stratagem I us'd,
 Set up my Heels sooner than be abus'd.
 Quick to the Temple I in haste did fly,
 Thinking that there I shou'd securely lie:
 He with Conceit fell in a fit of Laughter,
 I ran before, he sent a Spy soon after;
 The Spy more nimble than a Bailiff's Dog,
 He soon o'ertook me, catch'd poor Gogmagog.
 With that my Twilights gushed out with Tears,
 I promis'd Payment if they'd stay Two Years.
 They being Civil, far beyond my Merit,
 Said, to their Company they wou'd refer it.
 They staid for one whom I call *Brother Quill*,
 When he is come, said, I should know their Will.
 While *Brother Quill* did come, they sung a Chorus
 Around my Ears, the noise much like *Blow Boreas*.
 One he sung *Pity*, t'other sung *Revenge*,
 I wish'd my self at th' *Temple* or *Exchange*.
 He is not come the t'other touch they take,
 Their Song's the same, tho' Chorus new they make.
 They all a Laughing fall at *Beangarsoon*,
 Cry'd I should pay for all before 'twere Noon.
 At length he came and at me he did run,
 I thought indeed I shou'd have been undone:
 Quoth he, Is that he? Oh poor Salamander!
 Why did you Vilifie Great *Alexander*
 Invectively? What doth *Mahomet* here?
 Toss him in th' Blanket. Oh, what Coast to store
 I know not; nought's bad enough for him;
 Th' House of Office thrust him, 'tis a Whim.
 At length my Tears and stedfast Protestations,
 Did move his Heart to put up my Vexations.
Sacrista Dydimus I did him call,
 But he had like to've made me pay for all:
 But for the future I will have more Skill,
 Than e'er to Banter any of the Quill.
 They valu'd not my Ruffles nor my Sword,
 I'd much ado to make 'em take my Word.
 A Paradox to me, when so Equipp'd,
 No more Esteem'd; but threatned to be Whipp'd.

(4)
 The Product's this, I to my Cost now know,
 'Tis Honesty goes through the World, not Beau.
 They have agreed to grant me Two full Years
 To pay my Debts, and wipe away my Tears,
 I thank'd them kindly, they with one consent
 Got Brother Quill to make this President.

The Copy of the Letter of License.

TO all to whom these Presents shall come, We whose Names are hereunder subscribed and annexed, Creditors of C—C—Pr, Lawyer of Chancery-Lane, send Greeting.
 Whereas the said C—C—Pr doth stand Indebted now unto us his Creditors, in divers In-
 vestive Whims, which we are truly sensible he is sorry for, and humbly begs Pardon, and
 not being able at present to pay us a due Acknowledgment, we therefore the said Credi-
 tors, and each of us respectively, being very well satisfied of the good intent and meaning
 of the said C—C—Pr, which he hath to pay us our said several Acknowledgments: Now
 know ye, that we the said Creditors, and every one of us, for the Consideration afore-
 said, have given and granted, and by these Presents do give and grant unto the said C—C—Pr
 our full and free License, Liberty and Conduct, as is in us, to go, come, pass and repass
 about his Business and Occasions, for and during the term and space of Two Years from the
 date hereof, without Suit, Trouble or Molestation of us his said Creditors, or any of
 us, our or any of our Heirs, Executors, Administrators or Assigns, or any of our Sute or
 Sutes; and if it shall happen that the said C—C—Pr at any time during the said Term
 of Two full Years, to commence from the date hereof, shall by us his said Creditors, or
 any of us, ours or any of our Heirs, Executors, Administrators or Assigns, or by any other
 Person or Persons by or through the Commandment, will, Consent or Knowledge of us
 or any of us, or them, contrary to the tenour and true meaning of these Presents, be any
 ways arrested, sued or molested in his Person or Goods, and be not forthwith discharged
 and defended, that then the said C—C—Pr his Executors, Administrators or Assigns,
 shall, by virtue of these Presents, be for ever clearly acquitted and discharged against him
 or them, his or their Executors, Administrators, by what means or consent the said C—C—Pr
 shall contrary to the true intent and meaning of this our present Writing of safe Conduct,
 be vexed, sued, arrested, attached, or hindered as afore-
 said, and thereof not forthwith dis-
 charged and defended as afore-
 said; and that it shall and may be lawful for the said C—C—Pr
 to plead and give in Evidence this our present Writing of safe Conduct, as in full
 Bar and Discharge of the Debt and Debts of such Person or Persons, by whom the said C—C—Pr
 shall be so Arrested, Sued or Molested as afore-
 said. In Witness whereof we the
 said Creditors of the said C—C—Pr have hereunto set our Hands the Eighteenth day of
 August, Anno Domini 1707.

Witnesses.

Oyster-Nan,
 Yorkshire-Tike,
 D-V-Trump.



Creditors.

Guilderoy,
 Golden-Lock,
 M F—Sham,
 W—Draw,
 Pharaoh,
 Alexander,
 S—Dithymus.

FINIS.